THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

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ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. 79.

We shall devote this number to the letters of our friends.

Mr. Wanderer,

I address you in behalf of a society of young ladies, who have been in the habit of taking your paper ever since the Emerald was established. We meet, Sir, for conversation and literature, but are not of a disposition to be puzzled with long arguments or dry dissertations; we prefer *light reading* to historical detail, and delight more in sharp remarks than critical accuracy;...we pray you to pay attention in future to our wishes or I shall have orders to drop the subscription.

Yours, with esteem,

CLARA LIGHTHEART, *Sec'y.*

Sir,

I have received your first volume as per invoice. *Light articles* are best suited to our market, and I wish you to send in future a consignment of fashionable small ware rather than heavy bales of argument or learning. I have carried to the credit of your account the several articles of humor and pleasantry which have occasionally been shipped, but have to debit y[illegible] with a heavy loss on those which you thought of more sterling value.

As I have addressed to you as my correspondent from the market of literature, and am willing to allow you a generous commission of 3 per cent on the net amount of all articles purchased, I have a right to insist on your obeying my orders implicitly, and I now give you directions to send by the next conveyance none of your bulky, heavy matters, but a complete assortment of light and fashionable ware suited to the seasons.

Yours per favour,

GEORGE TRADEALL.

P. S. I send for your better information an extract from our Prices current, to which hope you will attend.

Prices Current in the Literary Market, Boston.

Moral Essays.....dull and plenty,
Levity.....in great demand; first quality very scarce, refuse in abundance.
Theatrical criticisms....out of season—....none at market.
Biography ..... about par.
History.....very dull—no purchasers.
Accidents ... much wanted, none arriv-....ed lately.
Novels....very plenty—bear great ad-....vance.
Marriages....fashionable—some rare....sales lately.
Deaths..... very dull—never tho't of.
Wit ... a great scarcity—a little of the choice kind would bear a large price.

G. T.

To Mr. Wanderer, Boston,.

To Mr. 'Squire Wanderer.

You must know, Sir, that I am one of the members of the honour-

able the board of health, and as such entrusted with a general superintending authority over the means to prevent sickness and contagion from infesting the metropolis, and I have heard that melancholy and dulness are as dangerous to the community and as much a nuisance as the dirt which we are continually ordering away. I must therefore forewarn you that during the summer months from the first day of June to the first day of September, your whole design, aim and faculties must be employed in promoting mirth, pleasure and hilarity, and if you shall in any paragraph or paragraphs, dare to be sober and serious, and attempt to puzzle the good people of this town with any dry detail of argument or inquiry, that you shall be ordered by authority of this board to a quarantine in your printer's shop, and shall not be in any wise permitted to endanger th esafety of the public.

Your humble servt.
JEREMIAH CAREFUL.

Light reading! It seems then that both for pleasure, business and security nothing will get along in this laughter-loving metropolis but levity and humour. That the literary labour which aims as well at instruction as amusement makes too heavy claims on the attention, and those productions only, which like a picture of mirth, force the countenance of their readers into a smile are received with any degree of regard. That taste must be vicious in the extreme which regard nothing but humor, which prefers a jest book to the Spectator, and delights more in the crazy tales of a novelist than in the ingenious dissertations of the English classics.

In a work, which seeks its support more by its adaptation to local circumstances than profound investigation, it would be disgraceful to the general taste to find its popularity secured only by idle tales without moral application, or its support depend on the multiplicity of its jests or the number of its anecdotes. He who will descend to personal satire will be in no loss for readers, and he who will detail the scandal of the tea-table will collect all the lovers of *light reading* by the strength of curiosity, but poor indeed must be the intellect and very humble must be the pride, which condescends to such degradation. It is pleasant and useful sometimes to mingle the levities of wit with the elegancies of literature, and to enliven a course of remarks on morality or manners with the gaiety of the courtier and the levity of the man of fashion.——— In a work taken up at an interval of leisure and read for amusement, we are not prepared nor do we expect to enter deeply into scientific speculations, but neither ought we to desire the incidents of a novel, the personality of a satire, or the point of an epigram. Correct taste will be gratified by a discussion of some topic of general interest, some form of fashion, some principle of action, or some combination of the passions. The writer who makes these his topics has a right to expect support proportionate to the manner of his execution, and although it may be objected against him that he has not well done what he attempted to perform, yet it would seem that he has sheltered himself from the charge of not having attempted what it would be honourable faithfully to execute. The Wanderer however will bear in mind the intimations and the wishes of his friends, and though he will not promise much reformation will endeavour not to be so great an offence as to be classed with small fish, lobsters, and infected vessels

and be obliged to perform quarantine!

He means however very soon to ask the attention of his readers to the subject of lotteries, when he shall beg leave to speak truth in plain terms, not very much to the satisfaction of all the parties concerned.

L.

SELECTED FOR THE EMERALD

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF MAGLIABECHI.

MAGLIABECHI, born at Florence in the year 1633, was distinguished for the extent of his memory. His parents were of so low and mean a rank, that they were well satisfied when they got him into the service of a man who sold herbs and fruit. He had never learned to read, and yet he was perpetually poring over the leaves of old books that were used as waste-paper in his master's shop. A bookseller, who lived in the neighbourhood, and who had often observed this, and knew the boy could not read, asked him one day what he meant by staring so much on printed paper? He replied that he did not know how it came, but that he loved it of all things; that he was very uneasy in the business he was in, and should be the happiest person in the world if he could live with him who had so many books about him. The bookseller was astonished, yet pleased with the answer, and at last told him that he should take him into his shop if his master would part with him. Young Magliabechi thanked him with tears of joy in his eyes, and his happiness was highly increased when his master, on a request from the bookseller, gave him leave to go where he pleased. He therefore entered on his new business, and had not been long in it before he could find any book that was asked for as readily as the bookseller himself. Some time after this he learned to read, and when he had done so, he was always reading when he could.

He seems not to have applied to any particular study; a taste for reading was his ruling passion, and a prodigious memory his greatest talent. He read every book almost indifferently that happened to come into his hands. He read them with surprising quickness, and yet retained not only the sense of what he read, but often all the words and the very manner of spelling them, if there was any thing peculiar of that kind in any author.

His extraordinary application and talents soon recommended him to Ermini and Marini, librarians to the Grand Duke of Tuscany. By them he was introduced into the conversations of the learned, and made known at court. He then began to be looked upon every where as a prodigy, and particularly for his vast and unbounded memory.

It is said that a trial was made of force of his memory, which, if true is very amazing. A gentleman at Florence, who had written a piece which was to be printed, had lent the manuscript to Magliabechi, and some time after it had been returned with thanks, came to him again with a melancholy face, and told him of some pretended accident, by which he said he had lost his manuscript. The author seemed almost inconsolable for the loss of his work, and intreated Magliabechi, whose character for remembering what he had read was always very great, to try to recollect as much of it as he possibly could, and write it down for him against his next visit. Magliabechi assured him he would; and, on setting about it, wrote down the whole manuscript without mis-

sing a word, or even varying in the spelling.

By treasuring up every thing he read in so strange a manner, or at least the subject, and all the principal parts of all the books he ran over, his head became at last, as one of his acquaintance expressed it, "An universal index of both titles and matter."

By this time, Magliabechi was become so famous for the vast extent of his reading, and his amazing retention of what he read, that it was common for the learned to consult him when they were writing on any subject. He could tell them not only who had professedly treated on their subject, but such also as had treated on it accidentally in writing on others, both which he did with the greatest exactness; naming the author, the book, the words, and often the very number of the page in which they were inserted. He did this so often, so readily, and so exactly, that he came at last to be looked upon as an oracle for the ready and full answers that he gave to all questions which were proposed to him, in any faculty or science.

His great eminence in this way, and his extensive knowledge of books, induced him the Grand Duke, Cosmo III. to do him the honour of making him his librarian. At the same time he had the keeping of the books of Leopoldo and Francesco Maria, the two Cardinals of Tuscany, and yet all this did not satisfy his insatiate appetite. To read such a vast number of books as he did, he made use of a very extraordinary method. When a book first came into his hands, he would look the title page all over, dip here and there in the preface and advertisements, if there were any, and then cast his eyes on each of the divisions, the different sections or chapters, and then he would be able for ever to know what the book contained; for he remembered as steadily as he conceived rapidly.

After he had taken to this way of reading, a priest, who had composed a panegyric upon one of his favourite saints, brought it to Magliabechi as a present. He read it over in the before-mentioned way, and then thanked him very kindly for his excellent treatise. The author, in some pain, asked him whether that was all he intended to read of his book. Magliabechi cooly answered yes, for I know very well every thing that is in it.

Magliabechi had a local memory too, of the places where every book stood, and seems to have carried this farther than merely in regard to collections of books with which he was personally acquainted. One day the Grand Duke sent for him after he was his librarian, to ask him whether he could get a book that was particularly scarce. No, sir, answered Magliabechi it is impossible, for there is but one in the world; that is in the Grand Signior's library at Constantinople, and is the seventh book on the second shelf on the right hand as you go in.

Though Magliabechi lived so sedentary a life, with intense and almost perpetual application to books, he attained to a good old age. He died in his eighty-first year, on the 14th of July, 1714. By his will he left a very fine library of his own collection for the use of the public, with a fund to maintain it, and whatever should remain over to the poor.

He never married, and was quite negligent, or rather slovenly, in his dress. His appearance was such as must have been far from engaging the affection of a lady, had he addressed himself to any, and his face in particular, as appears by the several representations of him, whether

in busts, medals, pictures, or prints would rather have prejudiced his suit than advanced it. He received his friends, and those who came to consult him in any points of literature, in a civil and obliging manner; though in general he had almost the air of a savage, and even affected it; together with a cynical or contemptuous smile which scarcely rendered his look the more agreeable.

In his manner of living he affected the character of Diogenes: three hard eggs and a draught or two of water were his usual repast. Those who went to see him usually found him lolling in a sort of fixed wooden cradle, with a multitude of books, some thrown in heaps and others scattered about the floor all round him, and this cradle, or bed, was attached to the nearest piles of books by a number of cobwebs. At their entrance, he commonly cried out to them not to hurt his spiders.

CARAZAN,

AN ORIENTAL TALE.

Translated from the French for the Emerald.

Carazan, a rich merchant of Bagdad, was no less notorious for avarice than celebrated for opulence. The splendour of his wealth contrasted with the obscurity of his origin, like a sparkling ray which bursts from the bosom of darkness. His riches were the fruit of active industry and unremitted labour. His contemporaries styled him an honest man, and some recollected traits of generosity, which were obvious before his fortune had reached its height; but whether his intercourse with men had taught him to mistrust them, or love of gold had contracted his liberality of sentiment, and pride increased with wealth, it is certain that the more riches he accumulated his apparent ignorance of their use increased. He had acquired the power of bestowing happiness but the desire was lost. The winter of age had already whitened his head, and its icy influence seemed to have penetrated his heart. Carazan neglected the duty of hospitality; his house was shut against the unhappy, but he regularly performed the exercises of devotion, and was never absent from the mosque at the hours of prayer; for he feared the censure of men though he sought not their affection. Piety, which has the love of God for its motive, and that of our associates for its support, unites the noblest of virtues, gratitude and benificence, it approximates divinity. It obtains respect to which no claim was laid. Filling the whole heart it is fully recompensed by the sensations it produces. But devotion which is animated by no sentiment and produces no virtue excites only contempt. It is like the barren plant which bears neither flowers nor fruit, and is trodden under feet without regret.

When Carazan journeyed to the mosque all eyes were attracted towards him, but no demonstration of respect accompanied the public regards. The poor suspended at his approach their useless supplications and the silence of disapprobation reigned around him.

Such was the life of Carazan, such the general opinion of his character, when it was announced through all the city that the palace of Carazan would be opened to the populace, his table spread for the hungry, and all the rites of hospitality performed to those who advanced their claim. The multitude soon rushed like a torrent through his gates. Carazan, pressed by the crowd, himself distributed bread to

the hungry and clothing to those who needed. On his front mild joy was seated, and tears of tenderness flowed from his eyes. The people viewed with surprise a change which had so much the air of prodigy. A murmur of praise ran through the crowd increasing and extending, like the sounds of thunder which the echos repeat and prolong. Carazan signified by a motion of the hand a desire to be heard, and instantly attention suspended the tumult. A profound silence reigned among the multitude, and Carazan in these words repaid their attention.

"To Him whose powerful hand elevated the mountains and confined in their bosoms the fire which shaketh the earth; to the All-powerful and All-merciful, glory forever! He hath made sleep the minister of his designs: A vision from heaven hath changed my heart. At night while I computed the produce of my merchandize and triumphed in the augmentation of my wealth, a profound sleep took possession of my senses, and the hand of Him who inhabiteth the third heaven was extended over me. I saw the angel of death darting upon me with the rapidity of a whirlwind; he pierced me before I could avoid the shaft. At the same instant I felt myself raised from the earth and transported with incredible swiftness through the regions of the air. Our globe soon appeared as an atom. The stars shone around me with a splendour which eclipsed the sun. The gates of paradise opened....I was dazzled by a sudden light which no human eye can support.

"The irrevokable sentence was now to be pronounced. My term of earthly being was terminated; nothing could be subtracted from the ills I had committed, nothing added to the good I had performed during life. When the idea of eternity presented itself to my mind, when I saw my fate about to be fixed and knew no power in nature could change it, all my self-confidence deserted me. I remained covered with confusion, mute, trembling, and transfixed. From the midst of the shining light a loud voice pronounced these words:

"Carazan, thy worship has not been acceptable, for self-interest was the sole motive of thy actions. Thou hast not raised thy regards to heaven with gratitude, thy demeanour to those around thee has not been marked by goodness. The vice and folly of men have served thee as pretexts to withhold from them thy benevolence. Why then hast thou not blamed the liberality of heaven? On whom does the sun shed his lustre? Where do the clouds distil their fructifying dews, mild Spring spread its perfumes, liberal Autumn distribute its gifts, if not on the senseless and the vicious? Remember, Carazan, that thou hast shut thy heart against compassion, that thou hast gathered riches with an iron hand. Thou hast lived for thyself alone, and henceforth alone shalt thou remain. Thou art exiled forever from the light of heaven and the society of all beings. For thee shall solitude prolong the wearisome hours of despair and darkness shall augment the horror of thy fate."

"Impelled by a secret but irresistible power, I was now hurried from the brilliant system of nature, passing in a moment a multitude of worlds. In approaching the verge of nature I beheld the shades of darkness without limits thicken before me....Horrible region! eternal abode of silence, solitude and night.

At this spectacle an inexpressible horror seized me, and with all the vehemence of desire I exclaimed,

'Ah! why have I not been condemned to the abodes of impenitence and crime! My torments would then have been less cruel, for I should not have suffered singly, and the devouring flames would have at least made my punishment visible! Oh, had I been placed in a comet which only once in a thousand years is brought back to the regions of light and life; the expectations of these periodical returns would have sustained my courage in the terrible intervals of obscurity and changed eternity into time.'

"I now lost sight of the last star, the last ray of light was completely extinguished. While in proportion to my removal from habitable worlds despair still increased, this heart-rending idea gave completion to my misery—When millions of years should transport me beyond the influence of any being, except that Power which fills immensity, I should continue ingulphed in that abyss of obscurity into which I should be still further plunged forever and ever.....The effort I then made to extend my hands towards the regions of existence was so great that I awoke.

"It is thus that I learnt by its privation to love society. Generosity has become my ruling passion. I have need to communicate happiness to enjoy it myself; for in the hideous solitude to which I believed myself condemned, the society of one whom in the pride of prosperity I should have sternly repulsed would have been more precious to me than the gold of Africa or the diamonds of Golconda."

After this relation Carazan became silent, lifting his eyes to heaven in an exstacy of gratitude and devotion, The multitude was struck with the lesson and penetrated with the example. The Caliph to whom the event was made known desiring to be liberal beyond the power of gold, gave orders that sculpture should transmit its remembrance to posterity. X.

Le Bulletin Polymathique.

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

ITALIAN LITERATURE.

THE interval comprehended between the dawn of learning, after a long night of ignorance and barbarism, to the time when it attained its meridian splendour, forms a period highly interesting to the literary enquirer. To Italy we are indebted for this revival of knowledge and taste, as the nurse of every science, the country which produced and cherished a long list of scholars and poets, who contributed to the restoration of letters, and revived the glorious days of Augustus. The labours of Roscoe and Tenhove, have disseminated in this country a taste for Italian literature. But we think that much yet remains to be done. The 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries, abounded in learned men of every description, many of whom are at present scarcely known but by name, but whose works merit our attention by the excellence of their subjects, and the purity of their language. —While the rest of Europe was involved in darkness, Italy alone retained in its bosom, poets, historians, and scholars.

New or improved translations of Guicciardini, Muratori, Giannone, Bembo, Fra Paolo, and Denina are obvious desiderata in our language. There are also many detached portions of Italian history that would amply repay in interest the labour bestowed on them: such as a History of the Visconti Sovereigns of Milan, on the plan of Mr. Roscoe, a continuation of that gentleman's work to the extinction of the house of Medici, and a philosophical history of the temporal sovereignty of the Popes from Leo X. to the present time. T.

THE VOICE.

Caius Gracchus, the orator, a man by nature blunt, rude in be-

haviour, and withal over-earnest and violent in his manner of pleading, had a little flute or pipe made on purpose, such as musicians are wont to rule and guide the voice gently with, according to every note as they would themselves, teaching their scholars thereby to have a tunable voice. Now when at any time Gracchus pleaded at the bar he had one of his servants standing behind him with such a pipe, who observing when his master was a little out of tune, would sound a more mild and pleasant note unto him, whereby he reclaimed and called him back from that loud exclaiming and vociferation which he used, and gently took down that rough and swelling accent of his voice.

A recent little work entitled MEMORATIVES, has the following apothegms, some of which deserve considerable attention.

Evil thoughts are the devil's harbingers; for he lodgeth not but where they provide entertainment.

Mishap is the touchstone of friendship; and adversity the trial of friends.

Labour in youth, gives strong hope of rest in old age.

Carefulness and diligence are the keys of certainty.

Let thy wit be thy friend, thy mind thy companion, thy tongue thy servant.

Who may do all that he will, will do that which he should not.

Let thy speech be the shadow of thy deed.

Courtesy is the true character of a good mind.

By being silent, thou shalt both know other men's imperfections, and conceal thine own.

Charity and humility purchase immortality.

The young man may die quickly, but the old man cannot live long.

The chief purposes of wisdom are to be mindful of things past, careful of things present, provident of things to come.

ANECDOTE OF VOLTAIRE.

The late Empress of Russia once sent this celebrated genius a little ivory box of her *own* making. Voltaire, unwilling to be behind in etiquette, got his neice to instruct him in the art of knitting stockings, and actually finished the greatest part of a pair of white silk, when he became completely tired. In this state, however, he sent them to the Empress, with a charming poetical epistle, replete with gallantry, in which he told her, that as she had presented him with a piece of man's workmanship wrought by a woman, he held it his duty to crave her acceptance of a piece of woman's work in return, from the hands of a man.

A Gentleman and his wife were reduced from a life of splendour and luxury (by unavoidable losses of the former in trade) to a more moderate, and, as it proved, a more happy way of living. He had been for many years either extremely captious and unkind, or morose and gloomy, and it was a lively reply of his affectionate partner that caused a change in his temper and behaviour, more than a counterbalance, in her eyes, for their pecuniary misfortune. "Wife," said he, one morning, "my affairs are embarrassed, and it is absolutely necessary that I should curtail my establishment. I should like to have your opinion as to the reduction." He spoke this in a more gentle tone than usual; and the amiable woman, taking advantage of what appeared a favourable opportunity approached him with an engaging smile, and tenderly squeezing his hand, said, "My dear husband, I shall be perfectly happy if you will get rid of the *sulky*, and let us retain the *sociable*."

"A nobleman, coming down in the summer to his country seat, was talking familiarly with his butler. 'And how have you been,' said he, 'since we left you?' 'Why, my lord,' replied he, 'I have been pretty well lately; but for near two months in the winter, I had a very dreadful ague at your lordship's service.'"

SONNET.

TO SYMPATHY.

HAIL, dear enchantress of the gen'rous soul!
Offspring of virtue pure, and spotless love;
Whether with tearful eye thou lov'st to rove,
With shipwreck'd wretches 'neath the frozen pole,
Or where of war the gory chariots roll;
Where fond Affection seeks the cypress grove,
Or mis'ry's moans thy tenderest anguish move.
O! let my bosom own thy soft control!
And, while to thee I tune the fervid strings,
What tho' they glow not with a Petrarch's fire?
Still let me find beneath thy placid wings
Some friendly shelter from misfortune's ire!
And bid the artless muse, as wild she sings,
Each sorrowing breast with heav'nly hope inspire;

THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

Robert complain'd in bitter terms one day,
That Frank had ta'en his character away;
"I take your character!" said Frank, "why zounds!
"I would not have it for ten thousand pounds!"

In West Greenland the women are subjected to carry heavy loads even from their younger years; their dress is chiefly skins, and they perform the offices of butcher, cook, currier,—make also cloaths, shoes, boots, build and repair their houses and tents as far as regards the masonry; the men only doing the carpenter's work.

In Sweden the women go to plough, row on the water, serve Bricklayers, and do all the common drudgeries in husbandry.

The women in Poland have a watchful eye over their daughters, and, in the district of Samogitia particularly, make them wear little bells before and behind to give notice where they are, and what they are about.

Reply to an inquiry after a just standard of Female Beauty.

Ask not of me th' essential form
That high-priz'd beauty bears;
Who shall describe the secret charm
That every breast ensnares?
Require the answer from your heart,
For there the magic's found;
'Tis your own taste that points the dart,
And bids our beauty wound.

On a young man much accustomed to hyperbole, exaggeration, fiction, poetic prose, or in plain English—lying.

"On Tuesday next," says Tom to Ned,
"I'll dine with thee, and take a bed;"
"You may believe him," William cries,
"For where Tom dines he always *lies*.

There is frequently considerable wit and ingenuity discovered in the play called WHAT IS IT LIKE? *The following is a specimen.*

Miss Mordaunt. Shall we play at what is my thought like?—First, I will think of something which you must none of you know till you have all mentioned something which you guess it to resemble; then I shall tell you my thought, and you must each give a reason why my thought is like yours. Whoever makes the best guess has a right to chase the next game. Now, Colonel Fairfax, *what is my thought like?*

Colonel Fairfax. It is like—it is like an old coat.

Miss Mordaunt. Lady Belmont what say you?

Lady Belmont. Why, I will say a coffin.

Sir Henry Rushwood. A Swiss.

Mrs. Meade. A supper ticket.

Dr. Abington. A plaister.

Lord Belmont. The Irish Parliament.

Lady C. Howard. A lady's toilette.

Mr. Ovey. A picture, like a man taking a walk.

Miss Abington. A pin.

Captain Colclough. Dancing.

Mr. Frederick. Garrick.

Mrs. Ovey. A novel.

Mr. Conolly. Gunpowder.

Miss Mordaunt, My thought is PATRIOTISM. Now, Colonel, why is patriotism like an old coat. Not, I should suppose, because it has been worn out.

Colonel Fairfax. Indeed you have found out a much better reason for difference than I am afraid I shall find out for resemblance. I was going to say, patriotism is like an old coat, because it is out of fashion.

Miss Mordaunt. Very well, Colonel. Lady Belmont, you compare patriotism to a coffin. Now as patriotism is only a jest, it seems very difficult to trace in the absurd any connexion with the grave.

Lady Belmont. And yet patriotism is like a coffin in this respect, that it is generally the last refuge.

Miss Mordaunt. Such a sarcasm from your ladyship's gentle lips! Sir Henry Rushwood, the eloquent and the severe, patriotism is the qualification of a Swiss, now tell me why it is his likeness.

Sir Henry Rushwood. Because with all its roughness and austerity, with all its zeal for liberty, it will fight for any party that chooses to be at the trouble and expense of bribing it.

Miss Mordaunt. Oh you scorpion! Mrs. Meade, why is it like a supper ticket?

Mrs. Meade. Because it leads to the loaves and fishes; but I am afraid that reason is not convincing in these times, when it is so lean and hungry. Indeed the moment it is fed, it loses its original nature, and forfeits the very name of patriotism.

Miss Mordaunt. Nay, I am supreme judge now, and will hear no such melancholy pleas against the soundness of your reason. Dr. Abington, have you the skill to heal the bruises that every body has been inflicting upon poor patriotism, who has been standing still like a game-cock on Shrove-Tuesday, as a mark for all the cudgels of malice and wit? You told us of a plaister.

Dr. Abington. Why, indeed, patriotism is in the body politic, a little like what some kinds of plaisters are in the body natural; for it irritates where it is meant to cure.

Miss Mordaunt. Nay, patriotism shall come no more to you for a cure. Lord Belmont, why is it like the Irish Parliament? Is there any analogy between Parliaments and patriotism?

Lord Belmont. Between patriotism and the Irish Parliament there is—for both are now no more.

Miss Mordaunt. So there is an end of poor patriotism, my patient. Dr. Abington refuses to cure it, and you kill it at once. But I defy you all. By my magic power I restore it to life, and it shall run the gaunlet through the seat of its enemies.—Lady Caroline, can you tell in what respect it is like a lady's toilette?

Lady Caroline. Why, yes? it is so full of patches and paint, you know.

Miss Mordaunt. Hush, do not betray the secrets of our prison-house.—Mr. Ovey, what was your thought?

Mr. Ovey. A picture; and indeed patriotism, like painting, is seldom without colour, or without design.

Miss Mordaunt. It seems, indeed, the perfection of art. My dear Miss Abington, you thought of a pin; and as punning seems all the fashion this evening, I must say I shall expect a point in your explication.

Sir Henry Rushwood. Whatever it was Miss Abington's intention to explain, you have saved her some trouble by making a point of it.

Miss Abington. I think both a pin and patriotism may serve sometimes to conceal a hole.

Miss Mordaunt. Captain Colclough, I wait for you. Patriotism, like dancing, is all *fiddle-di-dee.*

Captain Colclough. Indeed, Miss Mordaunt, as to dancing, you are wrong in *toto.* The real reason is because they both make a man warm.

Sir Henry Rushwood. Honestly spoken, Captain, and like an Irishman.

Miss Mordaunt. Mr. Frederick, the ball is in your hands. Why is it like Garrick?

Mr. Frederick. Because it is in its nature versatile; and besides, in its outward appearance, it is sometimes Tragedy and sometimes Comedy.

Miss Mordaunt. Yes; and sometimes off, and sometimes on. But, Mrs. Ovey, I must call on you for your clue.

Mrs. Ovey. Nothing can be plainer than the likeness between patriotism and a novel: the one is a story, and so is the other.

Miss Mordaunt. Now for the last, Mr. Conolly, my client, patriotism looks to you as its last resort. You compared it to gunpowder. Is it for the brilliancy of its fire, or the might of its effects?

Mr. Conolly. Why, patriotism, in its birth, life, and death, is nothing but gunpowder. It begins in flash, goes on in noise, and ends in smoke!

Miss Mordaunt. When the tourna-

ment was finished, say the romances, the fair lady who sat upon the throne, was entitled to bestow the prize on the victorious knight. I am the lady; and you, Mr. Conolly, I consecrate as my favoured and victorious knight.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Miss Owenson, whose Novice of St. Dominick, and Wild Irish Girl, have proved the title of her genius to the attention of the public, is about to exhibit new claims to respect in a volume of original poetry, which will speedily be published, under the of the Lay of an Irish Harp.

Mr. Pratt has just published, in London, a work of the novel kind, called "Great and Little Folks."

J. Pierson, Esq. read the Croonian Lecture on Muscular Motion to the Royal Society this winter. It occupied the greater part of two evenings, in the course of which the lecturer entered into an elaborate detail concerning the heat and pulsations of animals in different latitudes, in order to ascertain their effect on their muscles. As an instance: in this climate the pulse of horses beats 36 times in a minute, that of cows, 48, and that of men about 72; in Lapland, and other high northern latitudes, the human pulse does not beat more than from 45 to 50 times in a minute. Mr. P. has made numerous experiments on the muscles, in all which he found the muscular irritability completely destroyed by plunging them in water at the tempetature of 96 degrees; electricity, after such immersions, sometimes gave slight symptoms of excitability, but no human effort could ever again restore the muscular fibre to its proper tone and vigour. Cold produced similar effects on the muscular fibre, by instantly destroying its irritability. Hence the necessity of great caution in applying warm water to the surface of bodies recently immersed in water in cases of suspended respiration, as heat may be equally as bad as cold with regard to its effects on the muscular fibre, which by Mr. P. is considered in some degree the organ of life. Blood he regards as essential to life only as a stimulus to muscular irritability, and the abstraction of blood occasions death through the want of its stimulating powers to the muscles. The stomach he considers as the most important organ of the human frame, and its irritability is so excessive that a blow on it will instantly destroy life, though the heart can support a wound some days.

Sir John Carr's Travels in Denmark, Sweden, and Prussia, have been translated into German, by M. Zimmerman, and published at Rudolstadt, in two elegant volumes octavo.

A late admeasurement of a degree of latitude, by some Swedish astronomers in Lapland, makes it 1,114,774 *metres*, or 57,200 toises. The degree measured by Maupertuis in 1736, was 57,422 toises more than the new, and probably more correct, admeasurement.

M. Hultz, a Prussian astronomer, published an opinion, in August last that the sun at that time was undergoing some considerable change. This opinion was founded on a number of the spots occupying one-fifth part of its diameter in their length, and one-nineteenth in their breadth. These spots varied in their form, and were perceptibly changed in the course of two or three hours.

Dr. Cogan, of Bath, is preparing for the press an Ethical Treatise on the Passions. The first part, which will appear in the course of the spring, will treat of the agency of the passions in the pursuit of well-being; of the intellectual powers, as directories in the pursuit; and of the nature and sources of that well-being of which the human species is susceptible.

Mr. Davis, author of Travels in America, has nearly ready for publication, in one volume octavo, Memoirs of the Life of Chatterton the Poet.

Mr. Dallas has a new romance in the press, under the title of The Knights.

Mr. Arthur Young, the father of agricultural science in England after many experiments and observations on the subject, affirms that sea-salt acts as a very powerful manure, especially when added to dung. He says also, that very considerable benefit has been found from the application of sea-water to vegetables, and that, when mixed with dung or compost dunghills, it possesses a septic power that promotes putrefaction.

A translation of Dante, by Mr. Howard, is in the press.

POETRY.

For the Emerald.

INVOCATION TO SPRING.

Written April 4th, 1807.

Come shed thy influence o'er the land,
Each deep-felt woe beguile;
Dissolve stern Winter's icy sway,
And bid the meadows smile.

That tyrant Power usurps thy throne;
His garment robes the plains;
And through the sad, the cheerless day,
Dark melancholy reigns.

O come, with soft enlivening mein,
And chace these glooms away;
Let joy, let cheerfulness, and hope,
Their varied powers display.

Give Nature's votary all those charms,
Thy buds, thy flowers impart;
Give him the sweet, the rural walk,
That soothes the pensive heart:

And as around the verdant fields,
He marks thy beauties fall;
His heart with gratitude expands
To Him, who gives them all.

O then return, enchanting Spring,
Let all thy sweets appear;
Claim thy prerogative, and reign
The Charmer of the year.

THE VILLAGE LASS.

For the Emerald.

SONG.

How vain is the counsel which bids us beware,
Of allurements displayed by the hands of the fair;
I swore that no gazing my eyes, I'd allow,
Yet I feel my heart going, I cannot tell how.

My friend had forewarn'd me to be on my guard,
That my feelings were tender & love might go hard,
I answer'd most gratefully, making a bow,
That I might fall in love, but I did not know how.

When DELIA I saw, she appeared with such ease,
With wit so engaging, so ready to please;
So gentle her manner, so smiling her brow,
I felt my poor heart go, I cannot tell how.

You see my good friend, how your counsel was vain,
That entangled I am, yet I dare not complain,
I would be at ease, yet to DELIA I bow,
I'd fain ask for pity, but cannot tell how.

LEANDER.

AD VESPERAM.

Cum Sol, discedens, alias cito fertur in oras,
Et portans hominum curas et murmura secum;
Inter et agricolas, cum non labor ullus aratri
Longius a bovibus fessis præsepia claudit
Cum pastor pecudesque vagas compellit in unum;
Vespera, tum veniunt tua tempora, nuntia noctis.
Tum tua, tum veniunt ferme Dilucida regna.
Vallibus incipiunt imis, dum montibus altis
Lux simulatque Diem, dum Vox procul hæret in Œta.—
Excelsoque loco, tenebrosa, per æthera Diva
Nunc cito descendit, linquens vestigia currus.
Nunc tua regna fugis, valles non sponte relinquens;
Nunc collesque petis; nunc summa cacumina montis.
Siste gradum, tu, blanda Dea, et concede videri;
Siste gradum, nunc longe fugis; e vallibus atris
Discedam, montes Diva occupat umbrifera altos.

L. M. SARGENT.

REPERTORY.

RONDEAU.

By two black eyes my heart was won,
(Sure never wretch was more undone!)
To Celia with my suit I came;
But she, regardless of her prize,
Thought proper to reward my flame
By two black eyes.

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